



News from Jamaica IN A LETTER

From Port Royal Written by the
Germane Princess

To her fellow Collegiates and Friends in
New-Gate.







The *Germane Princess* her Letter from
Port-Royal in Jamaica to her friends
in *Newgate*.

My Friends and Acquaintance,

I Cannot (notwithstanding the Grandeur of our Birth and State) but have you frequent in our thoughts: and that I may not omit any opportunity to express my great respects to you, and your *Mysterious function*, I have laid hold on this occasion to acquaint you with my welfare since my leaving England, and should be glad to hear from you of your decrease of your *Monthly Bill of Mortality*; but now I think on't I may sooner expect to see you here, or in some other *Plantation*, then to receive a line from you, if a Line--- or so prevent it not.

Give me leave to tell you, that my sentence of Death was not more horrid and affrighting, than the sense and apprehension of my sudden and unavoidable Exile was grievous to me, and for a while insupportable, at length to make that present affliction the lighter, I considered

how many before me had suffered the like banishment with an undaunted courage, patience, and matchless gallantry of Spirit.

Had I like witty wanton *Ovid* been ignorant of the cause of my exiling, I should have complain'd much more than I do, and should have consumed that time, (which I now spend in Jollity) in swelling the books of my *Tristia* to a greater bulk than his whole works. I had this consideration to comfort me beside (and be ruled by me in this undeniable truth) that it is much better to loose a liberty (too dangerous to keep) and run the risk and hazard of a long Voyage, than sail up *Holborn* and be cast away at *Tiburn*.

I speak not to one, but all, it is a general concern, from the lowest to the highest *Class* of your Famous *University*, (vulgarly called the *Whit* or *Naske*) not one but ought to be timely instructed herein, as well *Bulkers*, *Pads*, *Gilters*, *Files*, *Lifters*, or others, by what other Names and Titles they are distinguished.

Expect not your *Rogueries* should be more winkt at, than those of your *Predecessors*: for know, as ye are those *Pestilential* Diseases which poison and infect the air in which you breath, and afflict the body of that *Common-wealth* which gave ye breath, so the wise *Physitians* thereof (the *Judges*) will take such care to free it continually from such maladies.

Some of you may be compared to superfluous *Wens*, which must be utterly cut off, some to *Carbuncles*, which must be burnt out with *Cauterizing Buttons*; and others to redundant humours, which must be purg'd away into another climate, of which number I am one.

It is now high time for me to relate somewhat of my Voyage to *Jamaica*, and what hath happened to me since my

my arrival: I could not in reason expect much civility from the Commander or Seamen of the Ship, (especially as then stood my condition) yet contrary to all expectation I was treated like my self, I mean a *Princess*. VVhen I saw my self slighted as the spurious brat of a *Stocking-Mender*, I applyed my self to the old refuge of my never Failing Wit, and tuneable tongue, by vvhich means I obtain'd a commodious Cabbin, and vvhereas my Food before was so Salt I could have sooner fil'd my belly on the bruish of Egg-shells, or the skins of Flints than thereon; I had now every other day Fresh provision.

Immediately after my Landing, I was received more like a victor, then a victim; so far from being a slave to others, that I was continually encompassed with a crowding number of such, who strove who should pay me the greatest tribute of Love and Service. The Earth (the Center of all heavy bodyes) did not more strongly attract a VVeighty Stone, thrown up into the Air, than the bare naming me drew all sorts of people from all parts of the Island, especially the looser sort of persons.

At first I wondred there to see so many of my acquaintance, but when I considered the cause of my own coming thither, my admiration ceased.

At present I am troubled with nothing but how I may answer the expectation of such of our old acquaintance who daily treat me profusely; for such hath their success been in some late dangerous exploits that it hath blown their excesses to that height of expence, that they have almost delug'd this place in liquor.

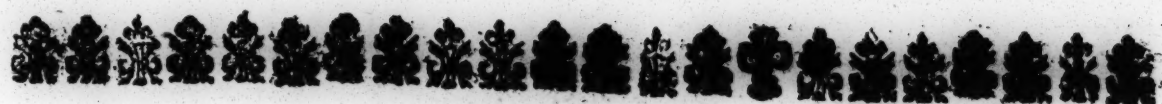
VVhilst I was with you I was never half so much afraid of being hang'd for any thing I should commit, as now to be drov'n'd in their overflowing cups: judge vvhether I am not much beholding to them, since they lyve at no Ex-

(64)
petitioner shall have any thing to do with me; for they
intend themselves to kill me with kindness: hence you may
conclude my bill of Fare is not scant'd with an over
frugal hand; neither are my pleasures stinted, I
am Lorded o're by none, my Will unconfin'd to
any; as my delights are various, so is my food;
my habit would not disparage my Lord were he
here to obstruct my Happiness; and now whilst I
think of it, if any of you should meet him in
your walks (I think he need not fear you will pick his
pocket) present my service to his Lordship, and acquaint
his Honour, I live more like my Lady now then ever I did,
and am like to continue so. But knowing how overjoy'd
he will be to hear how splendidly I live, pray do not too
hastily tell him these good tidings, but by degrees, pre-
paring him for the reception, least the suddain joy should
transport him; and so his Honours health in danger of be-
ing prejudiced thereby. And when you have so done, in
all humility tell his Lordship I kiss his hands and he
may

I have not time to enlarge myself further, neither
do I think it requisite to tire your patience at first; but if my
Bully-Ruffins on the one side surfeit me not to death;
and you on the other make not too much haste to be hang'd, ex-
pect to hear of me again: in the mean time remember me to
Pimps, Pads, Priggs, Bilkers, Bauds, Baulkers, Brushers, Broil-
ers, and Brokers; not forgetting Filers, Gitters, and Night-
walkers; advising you and them with speed to mend your man-
ners, as you shall answer it at your peril hanging like a Dog in
a halter: I subscribe myself

Your quondam Friend in Exile.

M. C.



Licenced *October* the 11th. 1671.

